BRITON,

THE

SON of a BRITON.

A

New *Poetical* and *Musical* RHAPSODY,

ON THE

BIRTH of the PRINCE of *Wales*.

To be performed at the

THEATRE in St *Edmunds Bury*, on Tuesday *Oct.* 26*th*.

For the yearly BENEFIT of

Mr *PEARSON* and Mr *SAUNDERS*.

Printed by, and to be had of Mr GREEN in *Cook-Row*, of Mr PEARSON, Mr SAUNDERS, Mr BROWNSMITH, and at the THEATRE.

(Price THREE PENCE.)

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BODLEIAN
15 MAR 1939
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A

BRITON.

THE

SON of a BRITON, &c.

Mrs. CHALMERS *enters, and ſpeaks,*

LOVES and Graces hither fly,
All that guard and deck the Fair,
In ſtrains of ſofteſt Melody,
Gratulate your darling Care!
Sweetly tell in Meaſures ſweet,
BRITAIN's wiſhes are complete.

Mrs DODD *enters and ſings in the Character of* MINERVA,

The ready Verſe in Softneſs flows,
The ready Muſe with Tranſport glows,
And tunes her Songs of rareſt Mirth,
To hail the happy, Royal Birth.

Mr. HURST *enters, and ſpeaks,*

Guardian Genius of our Land,
Propitious Pow'r, be preſent now,
Triumph graſped in thy Hand,
Rapture printed on thy Brow.
Hail, hail, in Strains of boldeſt Melody,
The Heir of BRITAIN, GEORGE and LIBERTY.

Mr. DODD *enters, and ſings in the Character of* MARS,

See the Godhead appear! — thro' Regions of Air,
His Courſe how triumphantly fleet!
The ſwift winged Wind, he leaves panting behind,
The glorious occaſion to greet!
On the new-given birth Son of Virtue and Worth,
In fulneſs of Joy he looks down;
With each bleſſing of Fate, that enobles the Great,
He endows and adopts him his own.

Mr. HURST *ſpeaks,*

Say Muſe when God-like *GEORGE* (by Heav'n ordain'd
To weild *Britannia's* Septre) firſt receiv'd
The willing Tribute of a ſmiling Land,
Say, did not Wreaths of Victory profuſe
Adorn the Gift? each happy Flow'ret twin'd,
That Glory could attain — and interwove
With Honours of a long illuſtrious Line?
What more could Fate beſtow?

Mrs. CHALMERS *replies,*

Domeſtick Bliſs!
That Stranger to a Throne — to him 'twas promis'd,
To ſuit the ſocial Virtues of his Heart,
Mercy, Benevolence, and Charity,
Thoſe Brightners of a Crown! whence ſhines the Monarch
Leſs than the Man — To *GEORGE*, to *GEORGE*
'twas promis'd,
And *CHARLOTTE*, by the Hand of Honour led,
Appear'd to ratify, and grace the Boon.

Mr. DODD *ſings,*

Love, divineſt Bliſs below,
All thy richeſt Gifts beſtow!
Unmix'd with Fear — unknown to Strife,
Flow the Hours of GEORGE's Life!

Mrs, DODD *ſings,*

Love, divineſt Bliſs below,
All thy richeſt Gifts beſtow!
Unmix'd with Fear — unknown to Strife,
Flow the Hours of CHARLOTTE's Life!

Mr. HURST *ſpeaks.*

And to compleat the Joy which reigns,
O'er all BRITANNIA's happy Plains,
In Bounty, gracious Powers, look down
On this HEIR of ENGLAND's Crown,
With heav'nly Attributes his Soul inſpire!
Be his early Mind endu'd
With Honour, Juſtice, Fortitude!
That his advancing Years may bring
Grace to the Country and the KING,
Bliſs to the HUSBAND, and the SIRE!

Mrs. CHALMERS *ſpeaks,*

Yet in the Cradle, while he lies,
Let *Mercy* melt within his Eyes!
Humanity, profuſely given,
Raiſe in his HEART a little HEAVEN!

Mr. HURST *ſpeaks,*

Religion bring her hallow'd *Bowl!*
And pour it on his op'ning Soul!
Such as does the Father grace,
Brightly beaming o'er his Face!

Mrs. CHALMERS *ſpeaks,*

In his Mind, unhurt by Pain,
All his Mothers Sweetneſs reign!
Inheriting a Monarch's Name,
As much by Merit, as by Claim!

Mr. DODD *ſings,*

So ſhall the Bleſſings of our Iſle,
To lateſt Times their Sweets convey;
So ſhall her Sons inceſſant ſmile,
And hail the Royal Natal Day!

CHORUS,

Songs of Triumph *be ever, ever ſung,*
BRITON *from a* BRITON *ſprung.*

Mrs. DODD *ſings,*

So ſhall the Joys, the mingled Joys
Of Virtue and of Love combine;
For ever ſwell the *Muſe*'s Voice,
In *Albion*'s Children ever ſhine!

Songs of Triumph, *&c.*

Mr. DODD *ſings,*

Let *Echo* catch th' enliv'ning Sound,
Let Winds the glorious Tidings bear!

Mrs. DODD *sings*,

And tell the distant Nations round,
That *they* are Heav'n's peculiar Care!

In Songs of Triumph, *&c.*

The last Verse to be repeated in a general CHORUS.

FINIS.

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